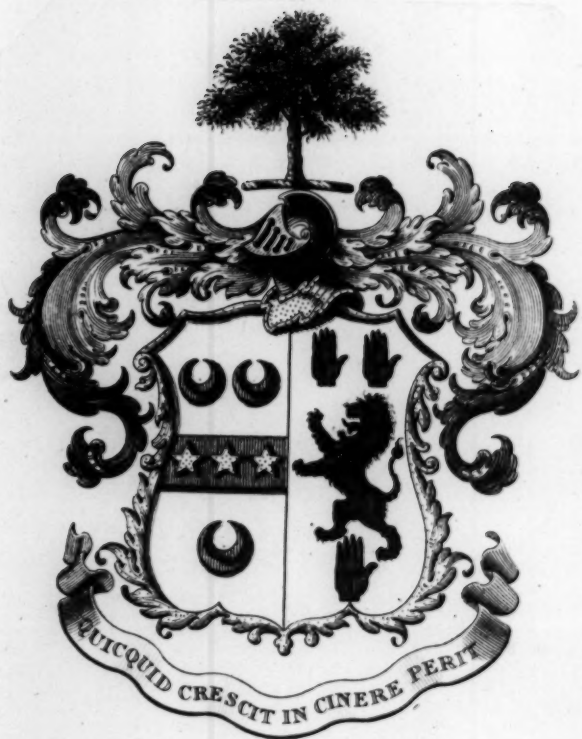
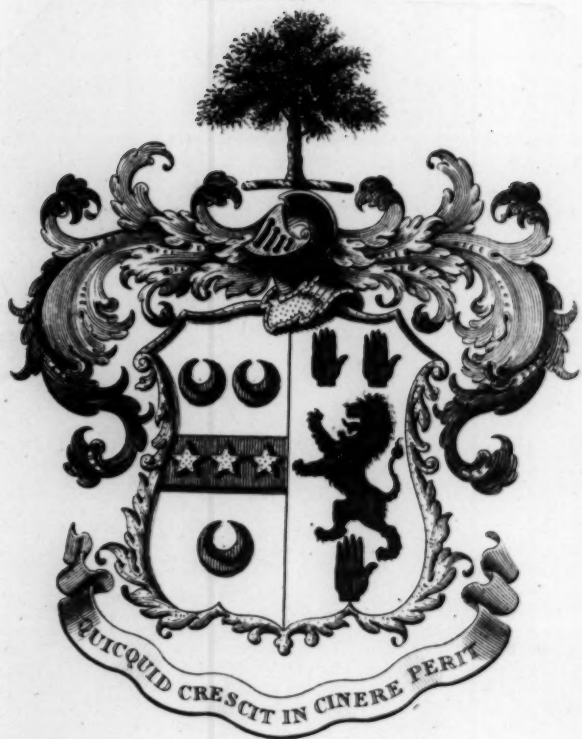


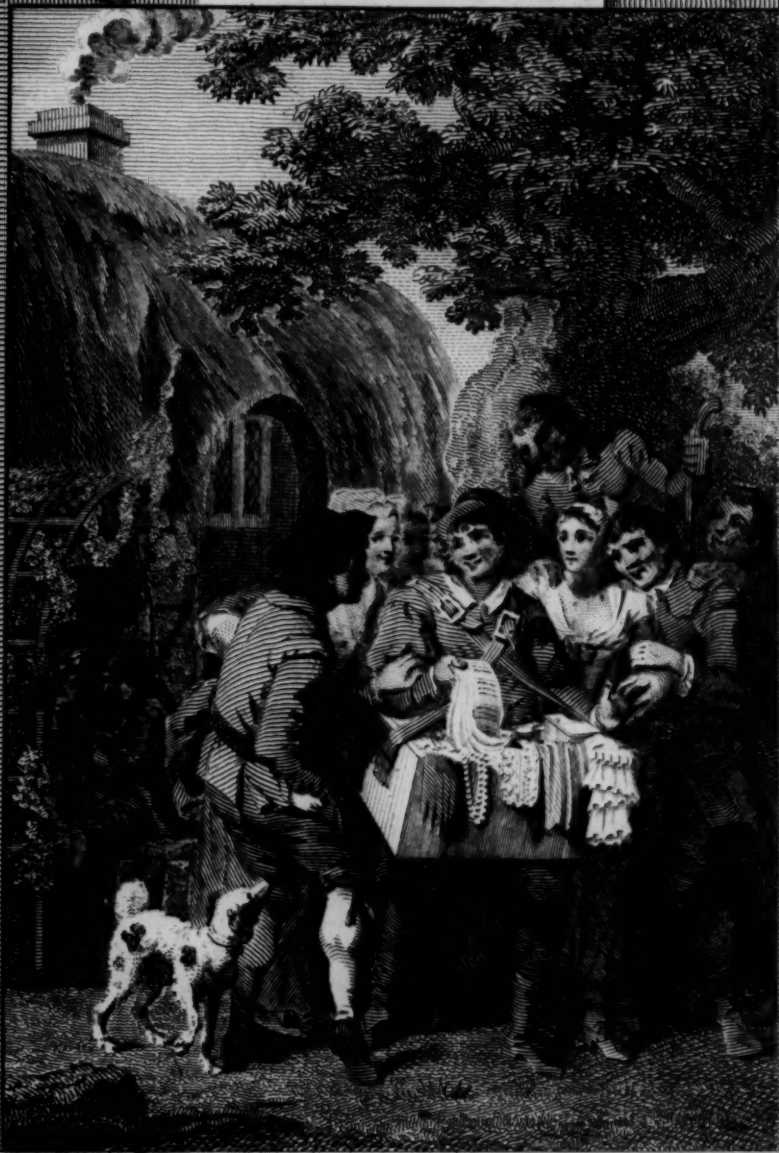


John Ashburner, M.D.



John Ashburner, M.D.

THE WINTERS TALE.



*Pray now buy some. I have a Ballad in print
or a Life; for then we are sure they are true.*

Act IV.

Scene 2.

Recher del.

Heath sculp.

Published by T. Lowndes, & Partners, July 25. 1789.

3

T H E
WINTER'S TALE,
O R 11763 pp. 61.
FLORIZEL and PERDITA.

A
DRAMATIC PASTORAL,
ALTERED FROM
SHAKSPEARE,
By DAVID GARRICK, Esq.
Marked with the Variations in the
MANAGER'S BOOK,
AT THE
Theatre : Royal in Drury : Lane.

L O N D O N.

Printed for C. BATHURST, W. & A. STRAHAN, J. F.
& C. RIVINGTON, L. DAVIS, W. OWEN & SON,
S. CROWDER, B. WHITE & SON, T. LONGMAN, B.
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BOWLES, R. BALDWIN, H. L. GARDNER, J. NICHOLS,
J. BEW, W. CATER, J. MURRAY, W. STUART, S.
HAYES, W. LOWNDES, G. & T. WILKIE, S. BLA-
DON, W. FOX, & E. NEWBERY.

M,DCC,LXXXV.



*** The Reader is desired to observe, that the Passages omitted in the Representation at the Theatres are here preserved, and marked with inverted Commas, as in line 14 to 19, in Page 8.

PROLOGUE.

*TO various Things the Stage has been compar'd,
As apt Ideas strike each humorous Bard:
This Night, for want of better Simile,
Let this our Theatre a Tavern be:
The Poets Vintners, and the Waiters we:
So (as the Cant, and Custom of the Trade is)
You're welcome, Gem'men; kindly welcome, Ladies.
To draw in Customers, our Bills are spread;*

[Shewing a Play Bill.]

*You cannot miss the Sign; 'tis Shakspeare's Head.
From this same Head, this Fountain-head divine,
For different Palates springs a different Wine!
In which no Tricks, to strengthen, or to thin 'em—
Neat as imported—no French Brandy in 'em—
Hence for the choicest Spirits flow Champaign;
Whose sparkling Atoms shoot thro' every Vein,
Then mount, in magic Vapours, to th' enraptur'd Brain!
Hence flow for martial Minds Potations strong;
And sweet Love Potions, for the Fair and Young.
For you, my Hearts of Oak, for your Regale,*

[To the Upper Gallery.]

*There's good old English Stingo, mild and stale.
For high, luxurious Souls with luscious smack;
There's Sir John Falstaff, is a Butt of Sack:
And if the stronger Liquors more invite ye;
Bardolph is Gin, and Pistol Aqua Vita.
But shou'd you call for Falstaff, where to find him,
He's gone—nor left one Cup of Sack behind him.
Sunk in his Elbow Chair, no more he'll roam;
No more, with merry wags, to Eastcheap come;
He's gone,—to jest, and laugh, and give his Sack at Home.*

P R O L O G U E.

*As for the learned Critics, grave and deep,
Who catch at Words, and catching fall asleep;
Who in the Storms of Passion—bum—and haw!
For such, our Master will no Liquor draw—
So blindly thoughtful, and so darkly read,
They take Tom Durfy's, for the Shakspeare's Head.*

*A Vintner once acquir'd both Praise and Gain,
And sold much Perry for the best Champaign.
Some Rakes this precious Stuff did so allure;
They drank whole nights—what's that—when Wine is pure?
“Come fill a bumper, Jack,—I will, my Lord—
“Here's Cream!—Damn'd fine!—immense!—upon my Word!
“Sir William, what say you?—The best, believe me—
“In this—Eh, Jack!—the Devil can't deceive me,”
Thus the wise Critic too mistakes his Wine,
Cries out with lifted Hands, 'tis great!—divine!
Then jogs his Neighbour, as the Wonders strike him;
This Shakspeare! Shakspeare!—Oh, there's nothing like him!
In this Night's various and enchanted Cup,
Some little Perry's mixt for filling up.
The five long Acts, from which our Three are taken,
Stretch'd out to sixteen Years, lay by, forsaken.
Lest then this precious Liquor run to waste,
'Tis now confin'd and bottled for your Taste.
'Tis my chief Wish, my Joy, my only Plan,
To lose no Drop of that immortal Man!*

Dramatis Personæ, 1785.

	<i>Drury-Lane.</i>		<i>Covent-Garden.</i>	
Léontes	—	—	Mr. SMITH.	Mr. HENDERSON.
Polixenes	—	—	Mr. BENSLEY.	Mr. AICKIN.
Camillo	—	—	Mr. AICKIN.	Mr. HULL.
Old Shepherd	—	—	Mr. PACKER.	Mr. CLARKE.
Clown	—	—	Mr. YATES.	Mr. QUICK.
Autolycus	—	—	Mr. VERNON.	Mr. EDWIN.
Florizel	—	—	Mr. BRERETON.	Mr. LEWIS.
Cleomines	—	—	Mr. CHAPLIN.	Mr. HELME.
Gentleman	—	—	Mr. PHILLIMORE.	Mr. THOMPSON.
Perdita	—	—	Mrs. BRERETON.	Mrs. KEMBLE.
Paulina	—	—	Mrs. HOPKINS.	Mrs. BATES.
Dorcas	—	—	Miss SIMSON.	Mrs. MARTYR.
Mopla	—	—	Miss KIRBY.	Mrs. MORTON.
Hermione	—	—	Miss FARREN.	Mrs. INCHBALD.

T H E
WINTER'S TALE.

S C E N E. *The court of BYTHYNIA.*

A Clap of Thunder.

Enter CAMILLO and a GENTLEMAN.

C A M I L L O.

THE gods send him safe passage to us, for he seems embarked in a tempestuous season.

Gent. I pray thee, Lord Camillo, instruct me, what concealed matter there is in the coming of Leontes to Bithynia, shou'd so wrap our king in astonishment?

Cam. Good sir, your knowledge in the court is young, if you make that your question.

Gent. I wou'd not be thought too curious, but I pr'ythee, be my tutor in this matter.

Cam. To be short then—Give it thy hearing, for my tale is well worthy of it; these two kings, Leontes of Sicily, and Polixenes of Bithynia, were train'd together in their childhoods, and there rooted betwixt 'em such an affection as cou'd not chuse but branch as it grew up. One unhappy summer (and full sixteen as unhappy have follow'd it) our Polixenes went to repay Sicily the visitation which he justly ow'd him.—Most royally, and with the utmost freedom of society, was he entertain'd both by Leontes, and his queen Hermione; a lady, whose bodily accomplishments were unparallel'd but by those of her own mind. The free strokes of youth and gaiety, in her extended civility to Polixenes (pleas'd as she was to see her lord delighted), bred in him suspicion of her conduct.

Gent. And that is an evil weed, that, once taking root, needs no manure.

A 4

Cam.

Cam. I then waited about the person of Leontes, and was alone thought worthy the participation of his jealousy. Into my bosom he disgorg'd his monstrous secret, with no tenderer an injunction than to take off his innocent, abused guest, by poison.

Gent. To kill Polixenes!

Cam. Even so.—What cou'd I do? What ran evenest with the grain of my honesty I did, and have not since repented me:—whisper'd Polixenes of the matter—left my large fortunes, and my larger hopes, in Sicily, and on the very wing of occasion flew with him hither, no richer than my honor; and have since been ever of his bosom.

Gent. I tremble for the poor queen, left to the injuries of a powerful king, and jealous husband.

Cam. Left too in her condition! for she had some while promis'd an heir to Sicily; and now, mark me,
—for the occasion—

Gent. Cannot surpass my attention.

Cam. I scarcely settled in Bithynia here, ere we are alarm'd with the arrival of Paulina (that excellent matron, and true friend of her unhappy queen), from whom we too soon learn how sad a tragedy had been acted in Sicily—the dishonor'd Hermione clapp'd up in prison, where she gave the king a princess—the child (the innocent milk yet in her innocent mouth) by the king's command, expos'd; expos'd even on the desarts of this kingdom; our Polixenes being falsely deem'd the father.

Gent. Poor babe! unhappy queen! tyrant Leontes!

Cam. What blacker title will you fix upon him, when you shall hear that Hermione, in her weak condition (the child-bed privilege deny'd, which belongs to women of all fashion), was haul'd out to an open mockery of trial; that on this inhuman outrage (her same being kill'd before) she died—in the very prison where she was deliver'd, died; and that, on her decease, Paulina (whose free tongue was the king's living scourge, and perpetual remembrancer to him of his dead queen) fled with her effects, for safety of her life, to Bithynia, here—I tire you.

Gent.

Gent. My king concern'd, I am too deeply interested in the event, to be indifferent to the relation.

Cam. All this did Leontes, in defiance of the plain answer of the oracle, by him consulted at Delphi; which now, after sixteen years occurring to his more sober thoughts, he first thinks it probable, then finds it true, and his penitence thereupon is as extreme, as his suspicions had been fatal. In the course of his sorrows he has, as we are inform'd, twice attempted on his life; and this is now his goad to the present expedition; to make all possible atonement to his injur'd brother Bithynia, and to us the fellow-sufferers in his wrongs—trumpet sounds—we must break off—the king and good Paulina—

[*Exit Gent.*]

Enter Polixenes and Paulina.

Polix. Weep not now, Paulina, so long-gone-by misfortunes; this strange and unexpected visit, from Leontes, calls all your sorrows up a-new: but, good Paulina, be satisfied that heav'n has will'd it so. That sixteen years absence should pass unnotic'd by this king, without exchange of gifts, letters, or embassies; and now! ——— I am amaz'd as thou art; but not griev'd——

Paul. Grudge me not a tear to the memory of my queen, my royal mistress; and there dies my resentment; now, Leontes, welcome.

Polix. Nobly resolv'd: of him think we no more 'till he arrives.

Cam. Hail, royal sir. If the king of Sicily escape this dreadful tempest, I shall esteem him a favourite of the gods, and his penitence effectual.

Polix. Of that fatal country Sicily, and of its penitent 'as we must think him,' and reconcil'd king, my brother (whose loss of his most precious queen and child are even now afresh lamented), I pr'ythee, speak no more: say to me, when saw'st thou prince Florizel, my son? Fathers are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing 'em, when they have approv'd their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince; what his happier affairs may be are to me unknown; but I

10 THE WINTER'S TALE, OR

have musingly noted, he is of late much retired from court, and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appear'd.

Polix. I have consider'd so much, Camillo, and with some care, so far, that I have eyes under my service, which look upon his removedness; from whom I have this intelligence, that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd—a man, they say, that from very nothing is rich beyond the imagination of his neighbours, and grown into an unspeakable estate.

Paul. I have heard too of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note; the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Polix. That's likewise part of my intelligence, and, I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou, Camillo, shalt accompany us to the place, where we will (not appearing what we are) have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicit'y, I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither.

Cam. I willingly shall obey your command.

Polix. My best Camillo! we must disguise ourselves.

Paul. Lest your royalty be discover'd by the attendance of any of your own train, my steward, Dion, shall provide disguises, and accompany your design with all secrecy.

Polix. It is well advis'd—I will make choice of some few to attend us, who shall wait at distance from the cottage: you instruct Dion in the matter, while we prepare ourselves.

[*Ex. Polix. and Camillo.*]

Paul. What fire is in my ears! can it be so,
Or are my senses cheated with a dream?
Leontes in Bithynia!—O most welcome,
My penitent liege—my tears were those of joy.
—Paulina, for her royal mistress' sake,
Shall give thee welcome to this injur'd coast:
Such as the riches of two mighty kingdoms,
Bithynia join'd with fruitful Sicily,
Wou'd not avail to buy—Leontes, welcome.
Let thy stout vessel butt the beating stand
Of this chaf'd sea, and thou art whole on land.

[*Exit.*]
SCENE.

S C E N E.

The country by the sea-side. A storm, with Thunder.

Enter an OLD SHEPHERD.

I wou'd there were no age between thirteen and three and twenty; or that youth wou'd sleep out the rest: For there is nothing in the between, but wenching, wronging the ancients, stealing, fighting, (*Horns sound*)—Hark you now! wou'd any but these boil'd brains of two and twenty hunt this weather! they have scar'd away two of my best sheep, which, I fear, the wolf will sooner find than the master; if any where I have 'em, 'tis by the sea-side, browsing of ivy—Yet I'll tarry till my son come: He hollow'd but even now—Whoa! ho—hoa—

Enter CLOWN.

Clown. Hoilloa! ho!

Old Shep. What, art so near? What ail'st thou man?

Clown. I have seen such a sight!

Old Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clown. I wou'd you did but see how the sea chafes, how it rages, how it rakes up the shore—But I am not to say it is a sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.—But O the most piteous cry of the poor souls, sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em—But then, the ship—to see how the sea flap-dragon'd it—but first how the poor souls roar'd, and the sea mock'd 'em—Then the ship, now boring the moon with her main-mast, and anon swallow'd with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hog's-head.

Old Shep. Name of mercy! when was this, boy?

Clown. Now, now, I have not wink'd since I saw it; the men are not yet cold under water.

Old Shep. Wou'd I had been by the ship-side, to have help'd 'em.

Clown. There your charity wou'd have lack'd footing.

Old Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters!

Clown. Look! look, father—there are two of 'em cast shore, and crawling up the rock—now they are down again—poor souls, they have not strength to keep their hold—I will go help them.

Old Shep. Run, run, boy! thy legs are youngest.

Clown. Stay, they have found the road to the beach and come towards us.

Old Shep. Some rich men, I warrant 'em; that are poorer than we now.

Clown. Lord, father! look—they are out-landish folk; their fine cloaths are shrunk in the wetting.

Enter LEONTES, supported by CLEOMINES.

Cleom. Bear up, my liege;—again welcome on shore.

Leont. Flatter me not—In death distinctions cease—
Am I on shore; walk I on land, firm land,
Or ride I yet upon the billows backs?

Methinks I feel the motion—who art thou?

Cleom. Know you me not?—your friend Cleomines.

Leont. Where are my other friends?—What, perish'd all?

Cleom. Not a soul sav'd! ourselves are all our crew,
Pilot, shipmaster, boatswain, sailors, all.

Leont. Laud we the gods! Yet wherefore perish'd they,
Innocent souls! and I, with all my guilt,
Live yet to load the earth?—O righteous gods!
Your ways are past the line of man to fathom.

Cleom. Waste not your small remaining strength of body
In warring with your mind. This desert waste
Has some inhabitants—Here's help at hand—
Good day, old man—

Old Shep. Never said in worse time—a better to
both your worships—command us, Sir,

Clown. You have been sweetly soak'd; give the gods
thanks that you are alive to feel it.

Leont. We are most thankful, Sir.

Cleom. What desarts are these same?

Old Shep. The desarts of Bithynia.

Leont. Say'st thou Bythinia? ye gods, Bythinia!
In ev'ry act your judgments are sent forth
Against Leontes!—Here to be wreck'd and sav'd!

Upon this coast!—All the wrongs I have done,
 Sir now afresh within me—Did I not
 Upon this coast expose my harmless infant—
 Bid Polixenes (falsely deem'd the father)
 To take his child—O hell-born jealousy!
 All but myself most innocent—and now
 Upon this coast—Pardon, Hermione!
 'Twas this that sped thee to thy proper heav'n;
 If from thy fainted seat above the clouds,
 Thou see'st my weary pilgrimage thro' life,
 Loath'd, hated life, 'cause unenjoy'd with thee—
 Look down, and pity me.

Cleom. Good Sir, be calm:

What's gone, and what's past help, shou'd be past grief;
 You do repent these things too sorely.

Leont. I can't repent these things, for they are heavier
 Than all my woes can stir: I must betake me
 To nothing but despair—a thousand knees
 Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
 Upon a barren mountain, and still winter,
 In storms perpetual, could not move the gods
 To look this way upon me.

Clown. What says he, pray? The sea has quite wash'd
 away the poor gentleman's brains.

Old Shep. Come, bring him along to our farm; and
 we'll give you both a warm bed, and dry cloathing.

Cleom. Friends, we accept your offer'd courtesy.
 Come, Sir—bear up—be calm—compose your mind;
 'If still the tempest rages there, in vain
 'The gods have sav'd you from the deep.'

Leont. I'll take thy council, friend,—Lend me thy
 arm—Oh, Hermione! [*Leans on him.*]

Cleom. Good shepherd, shew us to the cottage.

Old Shep. This way, this way——

Leont. Lend me thy arm—Oh, Hermione!

[*Exeunt Leon. and Cleo.*]

Clown. And now the storm's blown over, father, we'll
 send down Nicholas and his fellow to pick up the dead
 bodies, if any may be thrown ashore, and bury them.

Old Shep. 'Tis a good deed, boy—Come let's follow
 the gentlemen.

[*Exeunt.*]
 SCENE.

S C E N E. *A Wood.**Enter AUTOLICUS, (Singing)*

S O N G.

*When daffadils begin to peere
 With hey the doxy over the dale,
 Why then comes in the sweet o' th' year,
 For the red blood reigns o'er the winter's pale.
 The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
 With hey the sweet birds, O how they sing!
 Doth set my prugging tooth on edge;
 For a quart of ale is a dish for a King.*

I once serv'd prince Florizel, and in my time wore
 three-pile, but now am out of service.

S O N G.

*' But shall I go mourn for that my dear?
 ' The pale moon shines by night,
 ' And when I wander here and there,
 ' I then do go most right.*

*' My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to
 ' lesser linen.' My father nam'd me Autolicus, being
 litter'd under Mercury; who, as I am, was likewise a
 snapper-up of unconsider'd trifles: with dice and drab I
 purchas'd this caparison, and my revenue is the silly
 cheat—for the life to come, I sleep out the thought
 of it—a prize! a prize!* *[Retires.*

Enter CLOWN.

Clown. Let me see, every eleven weather tods—every
 tod yields pound, and odd shilling; fifteen hundred
 shorn—what comes the wool to?

Autol. If the springe-hold, the cock's mine. *[Aside.
 Clown,*

Clown. I can't do't without counters—Let me see, what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast?—Three pounds of sugar, five pounds of currants, rice—What will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on.—She hath made me four and twenty nosegays for the shearers—I must have saffron to colour the warden pies—mace—dates—none—that's out of my note; nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg; four pounds of prunes, and as many raisins o' th' sun.

Autol. Oh! that ever I was born!

(grovelling on the ground.)

Clown. In the name of me—

Autol. O help me, help me: Pluck but off these rags, and then death, death—

Clown. Alack, poor soul, thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than to have these off.

Autol. Oh, Sir, the loathsomeness of 'em offends me, more than the stripes I have receiv'd; which are mighty ones, and millions—

Clown. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Autol. I am robb'd, Sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clown. What, by a horseman or a footman?

Autol. A footman, sweet Sir; a footman.

Clown. Indeed he should be a footman, by the garments he has left with thee. If this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service—Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee. Come, lend me thy hand. *[Helps him up.]*

Autol. Oh, good Sir; tenderly—Oh!

Clown. Alas, poor soul!

Autol. O! good Sir; softly, good Sir; I fear, Sir, my shoulder blade is out.

Clown. How now, can't stand?

Autol. Softly, dear Sir; good Sir, softly; you ha' done me a charitable office. *[Picks his pocket.]*

Clown. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Autol.

Autol. No, good, sweet Sir; no, I beseech you, Sir; I have a kinsman not—past three-quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want—Offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clown. What manner of fellow was he that robb'd you?

Autol. A fellow, Sir, that haunts wakes and fairs; I knew him once a servant of the prince; I cannot tell, good Sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipp'd out of the court.

Clown. His vices, you wou'd say; there is no virtue whipp'd out of the court; ' they cherish it, to make it stay there, and yet it will do no more but abide.

Autol. Vices, I would say, Sir.—I know this man well, he hath been since an ape-bearer, then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compass a motion of the prodigal son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies, and having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue; some call him Autolicus.

Clown. Out upon him, prig! for my life, prig;—he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Autol. Very true, Sir; he, Sir, he; that's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

Clown. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if you had but look'd big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

Autol. I must confess to you, Sir, I am no fighter; I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clown. How do you do now?

Autol. Sweet Sir, much better than I was; I can stand and walk; I will e'en take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clown. Shall I bring thee on thy way?

Autol. No good-fac'd Sir; no good Sir; no, sweet Sir.

Clown. Then farewell—I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

[Exit.

Autol. Prosper you, sweet Sir. Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your

your sheep-shearing too—If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrol'd, and my name put into the book of virtue.

S O N G.

*Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily bent the stile—a—
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile—a—*

[Exit.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE. *A prospect of a shepherd's cottage.*

FLORIZEL and PERDITA, discovered sitting on a bank.

FLORIZEL.

THESE your unusual weeds, to each part of you
Do give a life; no shepherdess but Flora,
Peering it April's front, this your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.

Perd. Sir, my gracious Lord,
To chide at your extreams it not becomes me:
O pardon that I name 'em; your high self,
The gracious mark o' th' land; you have obscur'd
With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up: 'but that our feasts
'In every mess have folly, and the feeders
'Digest it with a custom, I shou'd blush
'To see you so attired; sworn, I think,
'To shew myself a glass.'

Flor. I bless the time,
When my good Faulcon made her flight across
Thy Father's ground; celestial guide
To where my treasure lay.

Perd.

Perd. Now Jove afford you cause!
 To me the difference forges dread: your greatness
 Hath not been us'd to fear; e'en now I remble
 To think your father, by some accident,
 Shou'd pass this way, as you did: O the fates!
 'How wou'd he look, to see his work, so noble,
 'Vilely bound up!' What wou'd he say! Or how
 Shou'd I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
 The sternness of his presence?

Flor. Apprehend
 Nothing but jollity: the gods themselves,
 Humbling their deities to love, have taken
 The shapes of Beasts upon 'em——Jupiter
 Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
 A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
 Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
 As I seem now——their transformations
 Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
 Nor in a way so chaste; since my affections
 Run not before mine honor, nor my desires
 Burn hotter than my faith.

Perd. Oh, but, dear Sir,
 Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
 Oppos'd, against the power of your father.
 'One of these two must be necessities,
 'Which then will speak, that you must change this
 'purpose,
 'Or my life.'
 My heart bodes much!

Flor. Thou dearest Perdita;
 With these forc'd thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not
 The mirth o'th' feast; or I'll be thine, my fair,
 Or not my father's, 'for I cannot be
 'Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
 'I be not thine.' To this, I am most constant,
 Tho' destiny say, no. Be merry, gentlest;
 'Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing
 'That you behold the while.' Your guests are coming:
 Lift up your countenance; as 'twere the day
 Of celebration of that nuptial, which
 We two have sworn shall come.

Perd.

Perd. O lady fortune,
Stand thou auspicious!

Enter OLD SHEPHERD, CLOWN, MOPSA, DORCAS;
with POLIXENES, CAMILLO, and servants. Po-
LIXENES and CAMILLO, *disguis'd*.

Flor. See your guests approach;
Address yourself to entertain 'em sprightly,—
And let's be red with mirth.

Old Shep. Fie, daughter, when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day, she was both pantler, butler, cook,
Both dame and servant; welcom'd all, serv'd all;
Wou'd sing her song, and dance her turn; now here,
At upper end o' th' table; now i' th' middle;
On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire,
With labour; and the thing she took to quench it,
She wou'd to each one sip: you are retir'd,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting; pray you, bid
These unknown friends to's welcome; for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes, and present yourself,
That which you are, mistress o' th' feast: come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Perd. Sirs, welcome.
It is my father's will, I shou'd take on me
The hostess-ship o' th' day; you're welcome, *Sirs*.
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas; *revelal first*,
For you, there's rosemary, and rue; *the sheep*
Seeming and favour all the winter long;
Grace and remembrance be unto you *both*,
[To Polixenes and Camillo.

And welcome to our shearing.

Polix. Shepherdess,
A fair one are you; well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Perd. Here are flowers for you; [To others.
Pinks, ro'es, gay carnations, flaunting woodbine,
The mary-gold, that goes to bed with the sun,

And

And with him rises weeping: these are flowers
Of middle summer; and I think are given
To men of middle age. You're very welcome.

Cam. I shou'd leave grazing were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Perd. Out, alas!

You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Wou'd blow you thro' and thro'—now, my fairest friend,
I wou'd I had some flowers o' th' spring, that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin-branches yet
Your maiden honours growing: daffadils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; vi'lets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength; 'gold oxlips and
'The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds
'The flower de lis being one;' o'these, I lack
To make you garlands of, and my sweet friend,

[To *Flor.*

To strow him o'er and o'er.

Flor. What? like a corse?

[*Apart to FLO.*

Perd. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corse—come, come, take your flowers;
Methinks, I play, as I have seen them do
In Whitsun pastorals; sure this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flor. What you do,
Still better's what is done—when you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever; when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray, so; and for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too, and when you dance
Like a smooth wave by gentlest winds heav'd up,
So move you to the music's dulcet breath,
That I cou'd wish the motion were perpetual.

Perd. O Doricles,
Your praises are too large; but that your youth

And

And the true blood which peeps forth fairly thro' it,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd;
With wisdom, I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.

Flor. I think, you have
As little skill to fear, as I have purpose
To put you to't. But come; our dance, I pray;
Your hand, my Perdita; so turtles pair
That never mean to part.

Perd. I'll swear for 'em.'

Old Shep. Come, come, daughter, leave for a while
these private dalliances, and love-whisperings, clear up
your pipes, and call, as custom is, our neighbours to
your shearing.

Perd. I will obey you.

S O N G.

I.

*Come, come, my good shepherds, our flocks we must shear;
In your holy-day suits, with your lasses appear:
The happiest of folk, are the guiltless and free,
And who are so guiltless, so happy as we?*

II.

*We harbour no passions, by luxury taught;
We practise no arts, with hypocrisy fraught;
What we think in our hearts, you may read in our eyes;
For knowing no falsehood, we need no disguise.*

III.

*' By mode and caprice are the city dames led,
' But we, as the children of nature, are bred;
' By her hand alone, we are painted and dress'd;
' For the roses will bloom, when there's peace in the breast.*

IV.

IV.

- * That giant, ambition, we never can dread ;
- * Our roofs are too low, for so lofty a head ;
- * Content and sweet cheerfulness open our door,
- * They smile with the simple, and feed with the poor.*

V.

*When love has possess'd us, that love we reveal ;
Like the flocks that we feed, are the passions we feel ;
So harmless and simple we sport, and we play,
And leave to fine folks to deceive and betray.*

Polix. This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the green-sward ; nothing she does, or seems,
But smacks of something greater than herself,
Too noble for this place..

Cam. He tells her something,
That makes her blood look out ; good' footh, she is,
The queen of curds and cream.

Clown. Come on—our dance—strike up.

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress, marry, ' Buy some
' Garlick to mend her kissing with.

' *Mopsa.* Now, in good time, musk will not mend
' thine.'

Dor. Thou art a false man ; did'st not thou swear
(it was but yesternight in the turret, over the dove
house), how that at your shearing you wou'd this day
shame Mopsa,——and——

Clown. Hold, ye maidens, hold ye—not a word—we
stand upon our manners here,——come strike up.

Mopsa. Here's to do ; marry I'll swear he promis'd me
long enough afore that in the hay-field—' by the token,
' our curate came by, and whereof all our folk were
' gone further a field ; he advis'd us to get up, and go
' home quickly, for that the dew fell apace and the
' ground was dank, and unhealthsome ;' more nor that,
you promis'd me gloves, and ribbands, and knacks at
the fair,—and more nor that——

Clown. Not a word ; not a word more, wenches.

Dor. Marry, come up! others have had promises, as well as some—but I have heard old folks in the parish say, that some folks have been proud and courtly, and false-hearted ever since some folk's father found a pot of money by the sea-side here.—But I say nothing.

Clown. Come, come, strike up.

A dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Polix. I pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this, Who dances with your daughter?

Old Shep. They call him Doricles, and he boasts himself To have a worthy breeding; but I have it Upon his own report, and I believe it: He looks like sooth; he says, he loves my daughter; I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon Upon the water, as he'll stand and read As 'twere my daughter's eyes; and, to be plain, I think there is not half a kiss to chuse, Who loves the other best.

Polix. She dances featly.

Old Shep. So she does any thing, tho' I report it That shou'd be silent: if young Doricles, Do light upon her, she shall bring him that, Which he not dreams off.

(*POLIXENES and OLD SHEPHERD talk apart.*)

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O, Master, if you did but hear the pedlar at the door, you wou'd never dance again after a tabor and pipe: No; the bagpipe could not move you; he sings several tunes faster than you'll tell money; he utters them, as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grow to his tunes.

Clown. He cou'd never come better; he shall come in; I love a ballad but even too well; if it be doleful matter merrily set down; or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

Serv.

Serv. He hath songs for man or woman of all sizes :
 ' no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves ; he has
 ' the prettiest love-songs for maids, so without bawdry
 ' (which is strange) with such delicate burthens of
 ' *jump her and thump her* ; and where some stretch-
 ' mouth'd rascal wou'd, as it were, mean mischief, and
 ' break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid
 ' to answer—*Whoop, do me no harm, good man*—puts
 ' him off, slights him, with—*Whoop, do me no harm,*
 ' *good man.*

Polix. This is a brave fellow.

Clown. Believe me, thou talk'st of an admirable conceited fellow ; has he any unbraided wares ?

Serv. He hath ribbands of all colours i'th' rainbow ;
 ' points, more than all the lawyers in Bythinia can
 ' learnedly handle, though they came to him by the
 ' grofs ; inkles, caddisses, cambricks, lawns ; why, he
 ' sings them over, as they were gods and goddesses ; you
 ' would think a smock a she-angel, he so chaunts to the
 ' sleeve-hand, and the work about the square on't.'

Clown. Pr'ythee, bring him in, and let him approach singing.

Serv. Come your ways, good man pedlar, and my young master wills that you approach singing.

Perd. Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous words in's songs.

Clown. You have of these pedlars, that have more in 'em than you think, sister.

Perd. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.'

Enter AUTOLICUS singing.

*Lawn, as white as driven snow,
 Cyprus, black as e'er was crow ;
 Gloves, as sweet as damask roses,
 Masks, for faces, and for noses ;
 Bugle bracelets, necklace amber,
 Perfume, for a lady's chamber ;
 Golden coifs, and stomachers,
 For my lads to give their dears :*

Pin

*' Pins, and poaking-sticks of steel,
' What maids lack from head to heel :'
Come buy of me, come ; come buy, come buy,
Buy lads, or else your lasses cry.
Come buy, &c.*

Clown. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shou'd'st take no money of me ; but being enthralled as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribbands and gloves.

Mopsa. I was promis'd them against the feast, but they come not too late now.

Dorc. He hath promis'd you more than that, or there be liars.

Mopsa. He hath paid you all he promis'd you : may be, he hath paid you more, which will shame you to give him again.

Clown. Is there no manners left among you maids ? is there not milking time, or when you are going to bed, to whistle of these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattle before all our guests ? 'tis well they are whispering, clamour your tongues, and not a word more.

Mopsa. I have done : come, you promis'd me some lawn and some lace, and some ribbands, and a pair of gloves.

Clown. Have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my money ?

Autol. And, indeed, Sir, there are cozeners abroad ; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clown. Fear not, thou, man——thou shalt lose nothing here.

Autol. I hope so, Sir ; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clown. What hast here ? ballads ?

Mopsa. Pray now buy some ; I love a ballad in print, Or a life ; for then we are sure they are true.

Autol. Here's one, to a very doleful tune, how a usurer's wife was brought to-bed-with twenty money bags at a burthen, and how she long'd to eat adders heads, and toads carbonado'd.

Mopsa. Is it true, think you ?

Autol. Very true, and but a month old.

Dorc. Bless me, from marrying an usurer ?

Autol. Here's the midwife's name to it ; and five or six honest wives that were present. Why shou'd I carry lies abroad ?

Mopsa. Pray, you now, buy it.

Clown. Come on; lay it by; let's first see more ballads; We'll buy the other things anon.

Autol. Here's another ballad of a fish, that appear'd upon the coast on *Wednesday* the fourscore of *April*, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad, against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a woman, and turn'd into a cold fish, for she wou'd not exchange flesh with one that lov'd her: the ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dorc. Is it true, too, think you?

Autol. Five justices hands at it; and witnesses more than my pack will hold.

Clown. Lay it by too—Another.

Autol. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mopsa. Let's have some merry ones.

Autol. Why, this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of *two maids wooing a man*: there's scarce a maid westward but she sings it: 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mopsa. We can both sing it—and if our *Nicholas* will bear a part, thou shalt bear it—'tis in three parts.

Dorc. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Serv. I can bear my part, I warrant you—have at it with you.

Clown, Nicholas, Dorcas, and Mopsa can sing that: we had the tune on't a month ago—Come, *Nicholas*, strike up.

S O N G.

Man. Get you hence, for I must go,
Where it fits not you to know,

Dor. Whither? *Mop.* O Whither? *Dor.* Whither?

Mop. It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell;

Dor. Me too, let me go thither:

Mop. Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill,

Dor. If to either thou do'st ill.

Man. Neither. *Dor.* what neither? *Man.* neither

Dor. Thou has sworn my love to be;

Mop. Thou hast sworn it more to me:

Both. Then, whither goest? say, whither?

Clown. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves:
My father and the gentlemen are in sad talk,
And we'll not trouble them & come, bring away

The pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both :
Pedlar, let's have the first choice. Follow me, girls.

[*Exeunt Clown, Mopsa, and Dorcas.*]

Autol. And you shall pay well for 'em. [Aside,

S O N G.

Will you buy any tape, or lace for your cape ?

My dainty duck my dear a—— ?

Any silk and thread ? any toys for your bead,

Of the newest, and fin'st, fin'st wear a—— ?

Come to the pedlar ; Money's a medler,

That doth utter all men's ware a——

[*Ex. Aut. Lads and Lasses.*]

Enter Leontes and Cleomines, from the farmhouse.

Cleom. Why will you not repose you, Sir ? these sports,
The idle merriments of hearts at ease,
But ill will suit the colour of your mind.

Leont. Peace—I enjoy them in a better sort——

Cleomines, look on this pretty damsel ;

[*Pointing to PERDITA.*]

Haply such age, such innocence and beauty,
Had our dear daughter own'd, had not my hand—

O had I not the course of nature stopp'd

On weak surmise——I will not think that way——

And yet I must always, and ever must,

Cleom. No more, my liege——

Leont. Nay, I will gaze upon her ; each salt dropt
That trickles down my cheek, relieves my heart,
Which else wou'd burst with anguish.

POLIX. (to CAM.)

Is it not too far gone ? 'tis time to part 'em ;

Cam. He's simple, and tells much.

Polix. How now, fair shepherd ; [to Flor.

Your heart is full of something that does take

Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was your g,

And handed love as you do, I was wont

To load my she with knacks : I would have ranfack'd

The pedlar's silken treasury, and have pour'd it

To her acceptance ; you have let him go,

And nothing marted with him. * If your las

* Interpretation should abuse, and call this

* Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited

* For a reply, at least, if you make care

* Of happy holding her.

Flor. Old Sir, I know :

She prizes not such trifles as these are :
The gifts she looks from me, are packt and lockt
Up in my heart ; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. O hear me breathe my love
Before this ancient Sir ; who, it should seem,
Hath some time lov'd. I take thy hand, this hand,
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it,
Or *Æthiopian's* tooth, or the fann'd snow,
That's bolted by the northern blast twice o'er.

Polix. What follows this ?

Leont. How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand was fair before ?

Polix. You've put him out ;
Come to your protestation : let me hear
What you profess.

Flor. Do ; and be witness to't.

Polix. And this my neighbour too.

Flor. And he, and more
Than he, and men ; the earth, and heav'ns, and all ;
That were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy ; were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge,
More than was ever man's, I would not prize 'em
Without her love ; for her employ them all ;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,
Or to their own perdition.

Polix. Fairly offer'd.

Leont. This shews a sound affection.

Old Shap. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him ?

Perd. I cannot speak
So well ; nothing so well ; no, nor mean better.
By the pattern of my own thoughts, I cut out
The purity of his.

Old Shap. Take hands—a bargain ;
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't.
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

Flor. O, that must be
I'th' virtue of your daughter ; one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet ;
Enough then, for your wonder : but come on ;
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

Old Shep. Come, your hand;
And, daughter, yours.

Polix. Soft, swain, a-while; 'beseech you,
Have you a father?

Flor. I have; but what of him?

Polix. Knows he of this?

Flor. He neither does, nor shall.

Polix. Methinks a father

Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest
That becomes the table: 'pray you, once more;
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
With age, and ake'ring rheums? can he speak? hear?
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?
Lies he not bed-ridden, and again, does nothing
But what he did being childish?

Flor. No, good Sir;

He has his health, and ampler strength indeed,
Than most have of his age.

Polix. By my white beard,

You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial: reason my son
Shou'd chuse himself a wife; but as good reason,
The father (all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity) shou'd hold some council
In such a business.

Flor. I yield all this:

But for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know; I not acquainted
My father of this business.

Polix. Let him know't.

Flor. He shall not.

Polix. Pr'ythee, let him.

Leont. O let him.

Flor. No; he must not.

Old Shep. Let him, my son, he shall not heed to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

Flor. Come, come, he must not:
Mark our contract.

Polix. [*Discovering himself.*] Mark your divorce,
young sir;

Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base
To be acknowledged. Thou, a scepter's heir,
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook!

Leont. [*Amaz'd.*] How! *Polixenes!* what myſ't'ry is this!
I want the power to throw me at his feet,
Nor can I bear his eyes—

[*Leans on Cleomines, and they go apart.*]

Polix. And thou, old traitor, [*To the Old Shep.*]
I'm ſorry, that by hanging thee, I can but
Shorten thy life one week; and thou, freſh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who of force muſt know
The royal fool thou cop'ſt with—

Perd. O my heart!

Polix. I'll have thy beauty ſcratch'd with briars, and made
More homely than thy ſtate. For thee, fond boy,
If I e'er know thou ſigh'ſt to ſee this knack, as never more
I mean thou ſhalt, we'll bar thee from ſucceſſion;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin;
Farther than education off: mark thou, my words;
Follow us to the court—hou churl; for this time,
'Tho' full of our diſpleaſure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it; and you enchantment,
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,
That makes himſelf, but for our honor therein,
Unworthy thee; if ever henceforth, thou
Theſe ſeſural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will deviſe a death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to endure it. [*Ex. Pol. and Cam.*]

Perd. Now he is gone, I have ta'en heart—yet when
He frown'd and rated us unlike a King
I was not much afraid; for once or twice,
I was about to ſpeak, and tell him plainly,
The ſelf ſame ſun, that ſhines upon his court,
Hides not his viſage from our cottage, but
Looks on all alike—wil't pleaſe you, ſir, be gone? [*To Fl.*]
I told you what wou'd hap'—
Being now awake,
From this ſame royal dream of mine,
I'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Leont. How now, old father? [*Coming forward.*]
Good ſhepherd, ſpeak.

Old Shep. I cannot ſpeak, nor think,
Nor dare to know, that which I know—O ſir, [*To Flor.*]
You have undone a man of fourſcore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,

To

To die upon the bed my father dy'd,
To lie close by his honest bones; but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no priest shovels in dust—O cursed wretch!

[To Perd.

Thou knew'st this was the prince, and would'st adventure
To mingle faith with him——Undone! undone!
If I might die this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I desire.

[Exit.

Perd. O my poor father!

Leont. The honest wretch, he helpt us at our need—
I will no longer veil me in this cloud; [To Cleom.
But plead unmask'd, this good old shepherd's cause
Before my own; ev'n at Bythinia's knees. [To Perd.

Flor. Why look you so upon me?

I am but sorry, not afraid; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd; what I was, I am,
And ever shall be thine, my *Perdita*!

Perd. Alas, alas! my lord; those hopes are fled!
How often have I told you 'twou'd be thus,
How often said, my dignity would last
But 'till 'twere known?

Flor. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith; and then
Let nature crush the sides o' th' earth together,
And mar the seeds within!—lift up thy looks!—
From my succession wipe me, father;—I
Am heir to my affection.

Leont. Be advis'd——

Flor. I am, and by my fancy; if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
Do bid it welcome.

Leont. This is desp'rate, sir!

Flor. So call it; but it does fulfil my vow; therefore
I needs must think it honestly;
Th' effect of truest love I know it is.
My heart is anchor'd here, as rooted as the rocks,
Who stand the raging of the roaring deep,
Immoveable, and fix'd!—let it come on——
I'll brave the tempest!

Perd. Be patient, *Doricles*.

Leont. Passion transports you, prince; be calm a while,
Scorn not my years and counsel, but attend;

My lowly seeming, and this outward garment,
 But ill denote my quality and office—
 Trust to my words, tho' myst'ry obscures 'em—
 I know the king your father, and if time,
 And many accidents (cease, foolish tears)
 Have not effac'd my image from his breast,
 Perhaps he'll listen to me—I am sorry,
 Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,
 Where you were ty'd in duty; and as sorry
 Your choice is not so rich in wealth as beauty,
 'That you might well atchieve her—Prince, you know
 Prosperity's the very bond of love,
 Whose fresh complexion, and whose heart together,
 Affliction alters.

Perd. One of these is true;
 I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
 But not take in the mind.

Leont. Yea, say you so?
 There shall not at your father's house, these seven years,
 Be born another such.

Flor. O reverend sir! If you have pow'r and will to
 friend our cause,
 As you wou'd wish a child of your own youth
 To meet his happiness in love, speak for me;
 Remember, since you ow'd no more to time
 Than I do now; and with thought of like affections,
 Step forth my advocate.

Leont. You touch me deep,
 Deep, to the quick, sweet prince; alas! alas!
 I lost a daughter that 'twixt heav'n and earth
 Might thus have stood begetting wonder, as
 Yon lovely maiden does—of that no more;—
 I'll to the king your father—this our compact,
 Your honor not o'erthrown by your desires,
 I am friend to them and you. [*Ex. Leon. and Cleom.*]

Flor. Dear, look up;
 Tho' fortune, visible an enemy,
 Shou'd chace us with my father; power, no jot
 Hath she to change our loves.

Perd. Alas, my lord,
 Bethink yourself, as I do me. Heav'n knows,
 All faults I make, when I do come to know 'em,
 I do repent—Alas! I've shewn too much
 A maiden's simpleness; I have betray'd,

Unwit-

Unwittingly divorc'd a noble prince
 From a dear father's love ; have caus'd him felt
 His present honor, and his hop'd reversion,
 For a poor sheep hook, and its lowly mistress,
 Of lesser price than that—beseech you, Sir,
 Of your own state take care, drown the remembrance
 Of me, my father's cott, and these poor beauties
 Wrong'd by your praise too often.

Flor. My Perdita,

How sweetly do'st thou plead against thyself ?
 Let us retire, my love—again I swear,
 Not for Bythinia, nor the pomp that may
 Be there out-glean'd ; for all the sun eye sees,
 The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
 In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath,
 To thee, my fair betroth'd—with thee I'll fly
 From stormy regions and a low'ring sky ;
 Where no base views our purer minds shall move ;
 And all our wealth be innocence and love. [*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III. SCENE, *A Wood.*

Enter AUTOLICUS, in rich cloaths.

AUTOLICUS.

HOW fortune drops into the mouth of the diligent man!—see, if I be not transform'd courtier again—four silken gamesters, who attended the king, and were revelling by themselves, at some distance from the shepherds, have drunk so plentifully, that their weak brains are turn'd topsy-turvy—I found one of 'em, an old court comrade of mine, retir'd from the rest, sobering himself with sleep under the shade of a hawthorn ; I made use of our antient familiarity to exchange garments with him ; the pedlar's cloaths are on his back, and the pack by his side, as empty as his pockets, for I have sold all my trumpery ; not a counterfeit stone, nor a ribband, glass, pomander, browch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn ; they throng'd who shou'd buy first, as if my trinkets had been hallow'd, and brought a benediction to the buyer ; by which means I saw whose purse was best in picture ; and what I saw to my good use I remember'd—my good *Clown* (who

want's but something to be a reasonable man) grew so in love with the wenches song, that he wou'd not stir his wits till he had tune and words, which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears: no hearing, no feeling, but my fir's song; and admiring the nothing of it. I pick'd and cut most of their festival purses; and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub against his daughter and the king's son, and scar'd my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army;—ha, ha, ha, what a fool Honesty is! and Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I see this is the time the unjust man doth thrive; the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing extempore—aside, aside, here is more matter for a hot brain. Ev'ry lane's end, ev'ry shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Enter CLOWN and OLD SHEP.

Clown. See, see, what a man you are now—there is no other way, but to tell the king she is a changing, and none of your flesh and blood.

Old Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clown. Nay, but hear me.

Old Shep. Go to, then—

Clown. Let him know the truth of the matter; how you found her by the sea-side some eighteen years ago; that there was this bundle with her, with the things and tinkers contained therein; but there was some money too, which being spent in nursing her, you need say nothing about it, together with all the circumstances of the whole affair; do it, I say.

Old Shep. And what then, think'st thou?

Clown. Why then, she being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king, and to your flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him: 'Shew those things—I say, you found about her, those secret things; this being done, let the law go, whistle—I warrant you.'

Old Shep. I will tell the king all, ever word; yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man, neither to his father nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clown. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you c'd have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know not how much an ounce.

Exit.

Autol. Very wisely, puppies.

[*Aside.*

Old Shep. Well, let us to the king; there is that in this fardel, will make him scratch his beard.

Clown. Pray heartily he be at the palace.

Autol. How now, rustics, whither are you bound?

[*Coming forward.*

Old Shep. To th' palace, an' it like your worship.

Autol. Your affairs there? what? with whom? the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your age, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover.

Clown. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Autol. A lye—you are rough and hairy; let me have no lying, it becomes none but tradesmen.

Old Shep. Are you a courtier, an' like you, sir?

Autol. Whether it like me or no, I am a courtier—see'st thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect not I on thy baseness, court-contempt? think'st thou for that I insinuate, or toze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am a courtier cap-à-pee; and one that will either push on, or push back thy business there; whereupon, I command thee to open thy affair.

Old Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Autol. What advocate hast thou to him?

Old Shep. I know not, and't like you.—Advocate!

[*Aside to Clown.*

Clown. Advocate's the court word for a pheasant; say you have none.

[*Apart.*

Old Shep. None, Sir; I have no pheasant, cock nor hen.

Autol. How blest are we, that are not simple men!

Yet nature might have made me as these are,

Therefore I will not disdain.

[*Aside.*

Clown, to Shep. This cannot but be a great courtier.

Old Shep. to Clown. His garments are rich, but he wears 'em not handsomely.

Clown. He seems to be more noble, in being so noble and fantastical; a great man, I'll warrant, I know by the picking of his teeth.

Autol. The bundie there, what's in the bundle? Wherefore that box?

Old Shep. Sir, there lie such secrets in this fardel and box, which none must know but the king; and which

he shall know within this hour, if I may come to th' speech of him.

Autol. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Old Shep. Why, Sir?

Autol. The king is not at the palace, he's gone aboard a new ship, to purge melancholy, and air himself; for if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know the king is full of grief.

Old Shep. So, 'tis said, sir, about his son that shou'd have marry'd a shepherd's daughter.

Autol. If that shepherd be not in hand fast, let him fly the curses he shall have; the tortures he shall feel will break the heart of man, the back of monster.

Old Shep. Think you so, Sir?

Autol. Not he, alone, shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are german to him, tho' remov'd fifty times, shall all come under the hangman; 'which, tho' it be great pity, yet it is necessary;' an old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace!—Some say he shall be ston'd; but that death is too soft for him, say I: draw our throne into a sheep-cot! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clown. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir?

Autol. He has a son, who shall be slay'd alive, then 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand 'till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recover'd again with aqua-vitæ, or some other hot infusion; then (raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims) shall he be set against a brick wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies, blown to death; but what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smil'd at, their offences being so capital? tell me (for you seem to be honest, plain men) what you have to the king; being something gently consider'd, I'll bring you where he is, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalf, and if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is a man shall do it.

Clown. He seems to be of great authority; close with him, give him gold; tho' authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is often led by the nose with gold; shew the in-
side

side of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado; remember flon'd and flay'd alive.

[*Aside to Old Shep.*

Old Shep. And't please you, Sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have; I'll make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn 'till I bring it you.

Autol. After I have done what I promis'd——

Clown. Ay, fir.

Autol. Well, give me the moiety—— are you a party in this business?

Clown. In some sort, fir; but tho' my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flay'd out of it.

Autol. O, that's the case of the shepherd's son; hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clown, to Shep. Comfort! good comfort! we must to the king, and shew our strange sights; he must know 'tis none of your daughter, nor my sister; we are gone else——Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is perform'd, and remain, as he says, your pawn 'till it be brought you.

Autol. I will trust you; walk before toward the seaside; go on the right hand, I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Old Shep. Let's before as he bids us, he was provided to do us good.

Clown. We are blest in these men, as I may say, e'en blest; and now tho' my case be a pitiful one, I have some hope I shall not be flay'd out of it.

[*Exeunt Old Shep. and Clown.*

Autol. If I had a mind to be honest, I see fortune wou'd not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth—I am courted now, with a double occasion: gold, and a means to do the king good; which, who knows how that may turn to my advancement! I will bring these two moles, these blind ones before him; if that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious; I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to it: 'to him will I present them; there may be matters in it.' [Exit.

SCENE, PAULINA'S House.

Enter PAULINA and a GENTLEMAN.

Paul. Beseech you, sir, now that my first burst of joy is over, and my ebbing spirits no longer bear down my attention, give my ear again the circumstances of this strange story: Leontes arriv'd; escap'd from the fury of the sea! veil'd in the 'semblance of a poor shepherd! and has now thrown himself into the arms of Polixenes! 'tis a chain of wonders!

Gent. Yet the tale is not more wonderful than true; I was present at the interview.

Paul. Speak, sir, speak; tell me all.

Gent. Soon as our king returned to the palace, he retired with the good *Gamillo*, to lament the unhappy and ill-plac'd affection of his son: yet, as gleams of sunshine oft break in upon a storm, so, thro' all his indignation, there burst out by intervals paternal love and sorrow; 'twas brought him that a person of no great seeming intreated admittance; a refusal was return'd to this bold request; but the stranger, unaw'd by this discouragement, advanced to the king's presence: his boldness had met with an equal punishment, had he not on the sudden assum'd a majesty of mien and feature, that threw a kind of radiance over his peasant garb, and fixt all who saw him with silent wonder and admiration.

Paul. Well, but Polixenes!

Gent. He stept forth to the stranger; but ere he cou'd enquire the reasons of his presumption—behold, said Leontes bursting into grief, behold the unhappy king, that much hath wrong'd you—behold Leontes!—On this the king started from him—true, I have wrong'd you, cry'd Leontes; but if penitence can atone for guilt, behold these eyes, wept dry with honest sorrow; this breast, rent with honest anguish; and if you can suspect that my heart yet harbours those passions which once infested it, here, I offer it to your sword; lay it open to the day!

Paul. O, the force, the charm of returning virtue!

Gent. Its charm was felt, indeed, by the generous king; for at once forgetting that fatal enmity that had so long divided them, he embrac'd the penitent Leontes with the unfeign'd warmth of one who had found a long-lost

lost friend, return'd beyond hope from banishment or death; while Leontes, overwhelm'd with such unlook'd-for goodness, fell on his neck, and wept: thus they stood embracing and embrac'd, in dumb and noble sorrow! their old friendship being thus renew'd, Leontes began his intercession for prince Florizel; but Polixenes—

Paul. Break off—here comes the good Camillo; speak, thou bear'st thy tidings in thy looks. [*Exit. Gent.*]

Enter CAMILLO.

Cam. ' Nothing but bonfires—the oracle is fulfill'd! O, Paulina, the beatings of my heart will scarce permit my tongue to tell thee what it bears.

Paul. I know it all, my friend; the king of Sicily is arriv'd.

Cam. Not only the king of Sicily is arriv'd, but his daughter, his long-lost daughter is found.

Paul. Gracious gods, support me! his daughter found! can it be? how was she sav'd? and where has she been conceal'd?

Cam. That shepherdes, our prince has so long and so secretly affected, proves Sicilia's heiress: the Old Shepherd, her suppos'd father, deliver'd the manner how he found her upon the coast, produc'd a fardel, in which are uncontested proofs of every circumstance.

Paul. Can this be true?

Cam. Most true, if ever the truth were pregnant by circumstance; that which you hear, you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen Hermione, her jewel about the neck of it, ' the letters (pardon me the mention of them) of your ' lord Antigonus, found with it, which I know to be ' his characters; ' the majesty of the creature in resemblance of the mother; the affection of nobleness, which nature shews above her breeding, and many other evidences, proclaim her with all certainty to be the king's daughter.

Paul. Praised be the gods! wou'd I had beheld the behaviour of the two kings at the unravelling of this story.

Cam. Ay, Paulina, for you have lost a sight, which was to be seen—cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, so, and in such a manner, that it seem'd sorrow wept to take leave of 'em, for their joy waded in tears: there was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of such distraction,

distracted, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Sicily, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, lifted the princess from the earth, and so lock'd her in embracing, as if he wou'd pin her to his heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing; then, as if that joy had now become a loss, cries—Oh, thy mother! thy mother! 'now he thanks 'the Old Shepherd, who stands by like a weather-beaten conduit of many kings reigns;' then asks Bythinia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again his daughter!—I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to draw it.

Paul. The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes, for by such was it acted.

Cam. One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for my eyes, was, at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came by it (bravely confess'd and lamented by the king); how attentiveness wounded his daughter, 'till from one sign of dolor to another, she did with an, *Alas!* I wou'd fain say, bleed tears—I am sure my heart wept blood. Who was most marble, there chang'd colour; some swooned, all sorrow'd; if the world cou'd have seen't, the woe had been universal.

[*Flourish of trumpets.*]

'*Paul.* Are they return'd to court?

'*Cam.* Not yet. They were proceeding with due ceremony, amid the clamorous joy of the multitude, when I took advantage of their delay, to recount to you this rhapsody of wonders.

[*Trumpets.*]

Paul. Camillo, haste thee; this royal assembly is entering now the city. Haste thee, with Paulina's greeting to the double majesty, and our new-found princess; give them to know I have in my keeping a statue of Hermione, perform'd by the most rare master of Italy; who, 'had 'he himself eternity, and cou'd put breath into this work, 'wou'd beguile nature of her custom, so perfectly he is 'her ape. He, 'so near to Hermione, has done Hermione, that they will speak to her, and stand in hope of answer. Invite them to the sight of it, put thy message into what circumstance of compliment the time and sudden occasion may admit, and return with best speed to prepare for their unprovided entertainment.

Exit.

'*Cam.* I obey you, madam.'

[*Exeunt severally.*]

S C E N E, *The court.*

Enter AUTOLICUS.

Autol. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, wou'd preferment fall upon my head. I brought the old man and his son to the king's, and told them, I heard them talk of a fardel, and I know not what—but 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder-out of this secret, it wou'd not have relish'd among my other discredits—here come those I have done good to against my will, and a'ready appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Enter OLD SHEP. and CLOWN, fantastically dress'd.

Old Shep. Come, boy; I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clown. [*To Autol.*] You are well met, fir; you denied that I was a gentleman born; see these cloaths! say you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born—give me the lie, do—and try whether I am now no gentleman born.

Autol. I know you are now, fir, a gentleman born.

Clown. Ay, and have been so for any time this half hour.

Old Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clown. So you have; but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the king's son took me by the hand and call'd me brother; and then the two kings call'd my father, brother; and then, the prince, my brother, and the princess, my sister, (that is, that was my sister) call'd my father, father; and so we all wept; and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Old Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clown. Ay, or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Autol. I humbly beseech you, Sir, to pardon all the faults I have committed to your worship; and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Old Shep. Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clown. 'Thou wilt amend thy life?

Autol. Ay, an' it like your good worship.

Clown. No, is does not like my worship now; but it is like it may like my worship when it is amended; therefore have heed that thou dost amend it.

Autol.

Autol. I will, an't like you.

Clown. Give me thy hand; hast nothing in't? am not I a gentleman? I must be gently consider'd—am not I a courtier? feelst thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the court?

Autol. Here is what gold I have, sir;—so, I have brib'd him with his own money. *[Aside.*

Clown. And when am I to have the other moiety? and the young man in pawn till you bring it me?

Autol. After you have done the business, sir.

Clown. Well, I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a tall fellow as any in Bohemia.

Old Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clown. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? let doctors and franklins say it; I'll swear it.

Old Shep. How, if it be false, son?

Clown. If it be never so false, a true gentleman may swear it in behalf of his friend; and I will swear to the prince thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it; no matter for that. *Flourish of trumpets. (Trumpets.)* Hark! the kings, and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's statue. Come, follow us, we will be thy good masters. *[Exit.*

SCENE, PAULINA'S House.

A Saloon, Throne, pedestal, curtain before Hermione.

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA.

Polix. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A saint-like sorrow: no fault cou'd you make
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed paid down
More penitence, than done trespass. At the last
Do, as the heav'ns have done, forget your evil;
With them forgive yourself.

Leont. Whilst I remember
Her, and her virtues; whilst I gaze upon
This pretty abstract of Hermione,
So truly printed off, I can't forget
My blemishes in them.

Paul. Too true, my lord.
If one by one, you wedded all the world,

Or from the all that are, took something good
To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd
Wou'd be unparallel'd.

Leont. I think so—kill'd!
Kill'd! I kill'd! I did so, but thou strik'st me
Sorely to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought. Now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

Paul. Touch'd to th' noble heart!
What, my dear sovereign, I said not well;
I meant well; pardon, then, a foolish woman—
The love I bore your queen—lo, fool again!
I'll speak of her no more.

Leont. Ah, good Paulina,
Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour; O that ever I
Had squar'd me to thy counsel; then, ev'n now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes,
Ta'en treasure from her lips!

Paul. All my poor service
You have paid home; but that you have vouchsaf'd
With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,
It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.

Polix. Oh, Paulina,
We honor you with trouble; but your gall'ry
Have we pass'd thro', not without much content
In many singularities, yet we have not seen
That which you bade us here to look upon,
The statue of Hermione.

Paul. She liv'd peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore, I keep it
Lonely, apart; but here it is, prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still sleep mock'd death: behold, and say 'tis well.

[*She draws a curtain, and discovers Hermione
standing like a statue.*]

I like your silence, it the more shews off
Your wonder; but yet speak; first you, my liege,
Comes it not something near?

Leont.

Leont. Her natural posture !

Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed
Thou art Hermione, or rather thou art she
In thy chiding ; for she was as tender
As infancy and grace ; ' but yet, Paulina,
' Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing
' So aged as this seems.

' *Polix.* O, not by much,

' *Paul.* So much the more our carver's excellence,
' Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her
' As she liv'd now.

' *Leont.* As now she might have done,
' So much to my good comfort, as it is
' Now piercing to my soul.' O, thus she stood ;
Ev'n with such life of majesty, ' (warm life,
' As now it coldly stands)' when first I woo'd her.
I am ashamed—O royal piece !

There's magic in thy majesty, which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance, and
From my admiring daughter ta'en the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee. [Bursts into tears.]

Perd. And give me leave,
And do not say 'tis superstition, that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing.

Flor. ' Rise not yet ;'
I join me in the same religious duty ;
Bow to the shadow of that royal dame,
Who, dying, gave my Perdita to life,
And beg of this her semblance equal blessing.

Leont. O master-piece of art ! nature's deceiv'd
By thy perfection, and at every look
My penitence is all afloat again. [Weeps.]

' *Cleom.* My lord, your sorrow was too sore lay'd on,
' Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
' So many summers dry : scarce any joy
' Did ever so long live ; no sorrow,
' But kill'd itself much sooner.'

Polix. Dear my brother,
Let him that was the cause of this, have pow'r
To take off so much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himself.

Perd. Let Perdita
Put up her first request, that her dear father
Have pity on her father, nor let sorrow
Second the stroke of wonder.

Paul.

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, ' for the stone is mine,'
I'd not have shewn it.

Leont. Do not drop the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't, lest your fancy
May think anon it move.

Leont. Let be, let be ;
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he that made it ? see, see, my lord,
Would you not deem it breath'd ; and that those veins
Did verily bear blood ?

Polix. Masterly done !
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leont. The fixture of her eye has motion in't,
As we were mock'd with art.

Paul. I'll drop the curtain.
My lord's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon it lives.

Leont. O, sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together :
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.

Paul. I'm sorry, sir, I've thus far stirr'd you ; but
I cou'd afflict you further.

Leont. Do, Paulina,
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort ; still, methinks,
There is an air come from her : what fine chissel
Cou'd ever yet cut breath ? let no man mock me,
For I will kiss it.

Paul. Good my lord, forbear ;
The ruddiness upon her lips is wet ;
You'll mar it, if you kiss it ; ' stain your own
' With oily painting'—shall I drop the curtain ?

Leont. No, not these twenty years.

Perd. So long cou'd I
Stand by, a looker-on.

Flor. So long cou'd I
' Admire her royal image stamp't on thee,
' Heirefs of all her qualities.'

Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you
For more amazement ; if you can behold it,

I'll make the statue move indeed, descend,
And take you by the hand; but then you'll think
(Which I protest against) I am assisted
By wicked powers.

Leont. What you can make it do,
I am content to look on; what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak, as move.

Paul. It is required,
You do awake your faith; then, all stand still:
And those that think it an unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

Leont. Proceed;
No foot shall stir.

Paul. Music, awake her—strike—
'Tis time; descend—be stone no more—approach;
Strike all that look on you with marvel!

[Music; during which she comes down.]

Leont. *[Retiring]* Heav'nly pow'rs!
'*Paul* *[To Le.]* Start not—her actions shall be holy, as
'You hear,' my spell is lawful; do not shun her,
Until you see her die again, for then
You kill her double; nay, present your hands;
'When she was young, you woo'd her; now in age
'She is become your suitor.'

Leont. Support me, gods!
If this be more than visionary bliss,
My reason cannot hold: my wife! my queen!
But speak to me, and turn me wild with transport
I cannot hold me longer from these arms;
She's warm! she lives!

'*Polix.* She hangs about his neck:
'If she pertain to life, let her speak too.
'*Perd.* O Florizel! *[Perdita leans on Florizel's bosom.]*
'*Flor.* My princely shepherdess!
'This is too much for hearts of thy soft mold.

'*Leont.* Her beating heart meets mine, and fluttering owns
Its long-lost half: these tears that choak her voice
Are hot and moist—it is Hermione! *[Embrace.]*

'*Polix.* I'm turn'd myself to stone! where has she liv'd?
'Or how so stolen from the dead?
'*Paul.* That she is living,
'Were it but told you, shou'd be hooted at
'Like an old tale; but it appears she lives,

‘ Tho’ yet she speak not. Mark them yet a little,
 ‘ ‘Tis past all utterance, almost past thought;
 ‘ Dumb eloquence beyond the force of words.
 ‘ To break the charm,
 Please you to interpose; fair madam, kneel,
 And pray your mother’s blessing, turn, good lady,
 Our Perdita is found, ‘ and with her found
 ‘ A princely husband, whose instinct of royalty,
 ‘ From under the low thatch where she was bred,
 ‘ Took his untutor’d queen.’

Herm. Ye gods, look down,
 And from your sacred phials pour your graces
 Upon my daughter’s head.

Leont. Hark! hark! she speaks——
 O pipe, thro’ sixteen winters dumb! ‘ then deem’d
 ‘ Harsh as the raven’s note;’ now musical
 As nature’s song, tun’d to th’ according spheres.

Herm. Before this swelling flood o’er-bear our reason,
 Let purer thoughts, unmix’d with earth’s alloy,
 Flame up to heav’n, ‘ and for its mercy shewn,
 ‘ Bow we our knees together.’

Leont. Oh! if penitence
 Have pow’r to cleanse the foul sin-spotted soul,
 Leontes’ tears have wash’d away his guilt.
 If thanks unfeign’d be all that you require,
 Most bounteous gods, for happiness like mine,
 Read in my heart, your mercy’s not in vain.

Herm. [*Kneels*] This first of duty! paid, let transport loose,
 My lord, my king,—there’s distance in those names,
 My husband!

Leont. O my Hermione!—have I deserv’d
 That tender name?

Herm. No more; be all that’s past
 Forgot in this enfolding, and forgiven.

Leont. Thou matchless saint!—Thou paragon of virtue!

Perd. O let me kneel, and kiss that honor’d hand.

Herm. Thou Perdita, my long-lost child, that fill’st
 My measure up of bliss—tell me, mine own,
 Where hast thou been preserv’d? where liv’d! how found
 Bythynia’s court? for thou shalt hear, that I
 Knowing, by Paulina, that the oracle
 Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserv’d
 Myself to see the issue.

‘ Paul’

- * *Paul.* There's time enough
 * For that, and many matters more of strange
 * Import—how the queen escap'd from Sicily,
 * Retir'd with me, and veil'd her from the world—
 * But at this time no more ; go, go together,
 * Ye precious winners all, your exultation
 * Partake to ev'ry one ; I, an old turtle,
 * Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there
 * My mate, that's never to be found again,
 * Lament 'till I am lost.

Leont. ' No, no, Paulina ;

- * Live bless'd with blessing others—my Polixenes !'

[*Presenting Polixenes to Hermione.*

What ! look upon my brother : both your pardons,
 That e'er I put between your holy looks
 My ill suspicion—come, our good Camillo,
 Now pay thy duty here—thy worth and honesty
 Are richly noted, and here justified
 By us a pair of kings ; and last, my queen,
 Again I give you this your son-in-law,
 And son to this good king by heav'n's directing
 Long troth-plight to our daughter.

LEONTES, HERMIONE, and POLIXENES join their hands.

Perd. I am all shame

And ignorance itself, how to put on
 This novel garment of gentility,
 And yield a patch'd behaviour, between
 My country-level, and my present fortunes,
 That ill becomes this presence. I shall learn,
 I trust I shall with meekness—but I feel,
 (Ah happy that I do) a love, a heart
 Unalter'd to my prince, my Florizel.

Flor. Be still my queen of May, my shepherdess,
 Rule in my heart ; my wishes be thy subjects,
 And harmless as thy sheep.

Leont. Now, good Paulina,
 Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely
 Each one demand, and answer to his part
 Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
 We were dissever'd—then thank the righteous gods,
 Who, after tossing in a perilous sea,
 Guide us to port, and a kind beam display,
 To gild the happy evening of our day. [*Exeunt omnes.*

END OF THE THIRD AND LAST ACT

